

"First in everything"







## POLICE CHIEF IN FINLAND KILLED BY TERRORIST

Bomb Throwers Slay Several and Wound a Number, Including Chief of Police, at Bylestock, in Russia.

## MUTINOUS CONSPIRACY IN BLACK SEA FLEET

Summer Maneuvers Called Off in Consequence—Arrest and Expulsion of People From Odessa—Witte at Paris.

Kremarenko, Chief of Police, was shot yesterday by a man named Procope and killed at Helsinki, in Finland.

Procope was arrested and has been identified as an accomplice of the man who recently attempted to assassinate former Gov. Miasojedoff.

A bomb was thrown in the center of the town of Bylestock yesterday, killing several persons and severely wounding a number of others, including the Chief of Police and his son.

A report has reached here from Sebastopol to the effect that a mutinous conspiracy has been discovered among the crews of the vessels of the Black Sea fleet, in consequence of which the summer maneuvers have been canceled.

Gen. Ignatieff, president of the special conference for the revision of exceptional laws destined for safeguarding public order, arrived at Odessa today for the purpose of investigating the disorders.

It is reported from Elizabethgrad that Gen. Ignatieff, after spending several days there for the representative Jews and informed them that unless they kept the youths from participating in the revolutionary movement he would destroy the city.

The authorities of the city of Odessa continue making wholesale arrests and causing the expulsion of citizens of advanced liberal opinions. A number of professional men, with their wives and families, have been expelled from the city. The Russian Government will wait until it hears the Japanese terms before it decides what, if any, counter-propositions shall be made.

Great importance is believed to attach to the conference of Berlin Banker Mendelssohn with Mr. Witte on the latter's railway train.

The czar's flag was flying over the winter palace at 6 o'clock this evening, proving that he still is in his capital, which includes Peterhof. Neither the ministry nor the court has heard that he intends to travel.

The foreign ministry is equally unenlightened in regard to the Kaiser's alleged intention to visit the czar.

## ENVOY WITTE ARRIVES AT FRENCH CAPITAL

Special Cable to the Post-Dispatch and New York World.

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PARIS, July 22.—Russian Senator Peace Envoy Witte has arrived from St. Petersburg and with him came reporters for the Paris newspapers, who tried in vain to pump him on the train.

To the Maxim reporter, who asked him pointblank if it is true, as is reported, that he is instructed by the czar, to try to negotiate an alliance between Russia and Japan. Mr. Witte said: "I can tell you nothing, absolutely nothing. I do not say yes or no."

All the newspapers here print alleged interviews, but none of them reproduces the substance of that interview, frankly admits Witte refused him to it, explaining that it is not his duty to answer questions of that kind, and that he has to say at this time.

## MONEY MAKERS

OVER 300 BUSINESS CHANCES

And offers of a business of your own will be printed in tomorrow's

SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH WANT DIRECTORY

READ THE "WANTS"

## Remarkable Scene on Washington Av., Where Policeman Broke Up Negro Razor Battle and Arrested Eight



## CARRIES ONE, WALKS 8 TO PATROL WHILE FRIENDS ARE COWED

Policeman Himeles Stops Miniature Battle in Which Razors Play Consuious Part and by Use of Bravery and Physical Strength Arrests All Participants.

A remarkable spectacle was witnessed in parts of Lucas and Washington avenues, Morgan, Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets, Friday night. It was this: Big Adolph Himeles, policeman of the Barr Street District, had, carrying a wounded negro, slowly and disheveled, in one arm and guiding the direction of a revolver in the hand of the other arm; seven negroes and one negroess marching in a sullen group to the silent music of that revolver and a great crowd of negroes, men and women, following a short distance behind on the opposite side of the street. The procession moved, slowly because of the wounded man's injuries, along Nineteenth street to Morgan street, east on Morgan to Eighteenth street, south on Eighteenth to Washington avenue, and east on Washington avenue to 1611, the east on Washington avenue to 1611, the office of Dr. Nichols.

It was a triumphal march for the policeman. There was but one interruption, and it was made by himself. He spied Lucy Brooks, who he thought should be in the line of march, at Eighteenth and Washington avenue. "Come over here!" he commanded. "All right, don't shoot, I'll come," and the Brooks woman joined the interesting parade.

The officer made a record for single-handed arrests. Friday night Lucy Brooks and Maymie Young quarreled at 706 North Nineteenth street about Milton Holland, and there was a fight. The participants numbered many more than the two girls, and when Policeman Himeles arrived there was a crowd of 200 on the street in front of the house. Bricks and stones were flying.

The battle dissipated itself quickly with the arrival of the police, for

Himeles has a reputation in that part of town. His fight with five men Jan. 1 on Franklin avenue, when he was compelled to shoot and fatally wound one, was remembered.

The policeman found Milton Holland severely cut by a razor, which, he said, had been wielded by Lucy Brooks. There was a long, deep cut in his left arm and an ugly laceration in his left hand. The Brooks woman had got away.

Himeles began arresting those persons who he considered should be in the lockup and soon had seven men and one woman, Maymie Young, lined up against the church on the corner. Holland begged to be taken to a doctor. "All right," said the officer, "but I'll have to take these others along."

He ranged them in front of him, keeping his revolver in plain view, always, and then ordered the thoroughly cowed fighters to march. And march they did. Himeles said afterward that he had no fear of the men ahead, but felt that a brick or a bullet might come at any moment from the mob trailing along behind.

At the office of Dr. Nichols, he guided his prisoners into the house. Then, with his revolver still covering them, the other hand holding the receiver, his mouth at the transmitter and his eyes on his convoy, he telephoned headquarters.

A patrol wagon was sent for the prisoners and an ambulance for Holland. Himeles accompanied Holland in the ambulance.

At Sixteenth street he saw Georgia Healy, another colored woman who had escaped from the crowd. He jumped from the wagon, placed her under arrest and took her to the Carr Street Station.

## AUTO EXPLODES AND GIRL BURNS

Fatal Accident on White River Drive at Indianapolis to Outing Party.

Special to the Post-Dispatch. INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 22.—Olivia Johnson, a bright, handsome girl from Lima, O., 16 years old, visiting friends here, was burned to death last night while automobile riding with a party of young ladies.

One of this city was driving the machine, with Miss Johnson riding by his side, and Miss Inez Brennan, Miss Clara Brennan, a cousin; Miss Ethel Jones of Shelbyville and Miss Hazel Orr of this city, sitting behind. The Brennan girls live here.

Dale was driving the machine along the White River road at a very rapid rate, when one of the wheels struck an obstruction and overturned the automobile into a ditch. An explosion followed immediately. Miss Johnson was covered with burning gasoline. Dale was injured and the girls could do nothing to help the burning maiden.

A farmer heard the explosion and hurried to the scene, but Miss Johnson was burned to a crisp by the time he pulled her from the burning wreckage. The farmer drew Dale from under the machine, who was alive, but the farmer called him in a dazed condition and saved his life. The other girls were all more or less burned and crippled, but it is thought that all will recover.

## BEGAN A TRUCKER, DIED TRUST HEAD

Edward W. Nash of American Smelter Co. Was Stricken With Paralysis May 22.

OMAHA, Neb., July 22.—Edward W. Nash, president of the American Smelter and Refining Co., died at his home in this city this morning as the result of a stroke of paralysis May 22.

Mr. Nash began his life as a freight trucker in Omaha, and died a millionaire, head of the Smelter Trust.

## RAN AWAY: WAS DROWNED.

Inquest Over Body of Boy Who Left Home.

An inquest was held over the body of Joseph Carter, 12 years of age, who was found in the Missouri River Wednesday night, by Coroner Koch. His body was found by a man and woman, whose names are unknown, about 6 o'clock Friday evening, floating downstream.

He ran away from his home, 1223 Sublette avenue, St. Louis, because his father had punished him for some misdeed. He came to the boat house about 6 o'clock Wednesday evening; he was going in swimming. A short while after he left the keeper heard him scream. He ran to the river and called, but did not receive a reply. His clothes were found on the bank.

Good Printing Pays. We do it—any description. We deliver on time. Greeley Printery of St. Louis & J. Harbaugh, President.

## EIGHT WASHOUTS ON M. & O. ROAD

Passenger Trains Tied Up at Carbondale, Ill., and Near Carthage, Mo.

FLOOD REACHES CREST Spring River Dam Holds Through Flood, Spreads Over Territory Farms.

ALTO PASS, Ill., July 22.—Eight washouts are reported on the Mobile & Ohio Railroad between Mill Creek and East St. Louis, and no trains are running on this division today.

Several passenger trains are water-bound at Carbondale. Campbell Hill is between two big washouts. James Minton was caught out in the storm and the downpour of rain filled a 16-gallon kettle in his wagon in a few minutes.

## MISSOURI PACIFIC BED GONE NEAR LA RUSSELL.

CARTHAGE, Mo., July 22.—Though a construction train is working on the destroyed embankments of the Missouri Pacific between here and La Russell, the service of the road will not be resumed for two days at least.

The Frisco Railroad bridge, west of Galena, went out at 5 o'clock. It was weighed down and tied, but was unable to withstand the pressure of the driftwood which collected against it.

The water accumulated behind it and caused a rise of several inches at the dam.

## STEEL RAILWAY BRIDGE WRECKED NEAR LOWELL.

SPECIAL TO THE POST-DISPATCH. GALENA, Kan., July 22.—The crest of the Spring River flood was reached this morning. The water is now receding.

About 6 o'clock this morning the water had just commenced running over the Spring River Power Co.'s dam, representing a 30-foot head of water at that place. It was stated that the water rose high enough to pass over the dam the whole country in that section.

This assertion has been verified, except for the high land at one end of the dam.

The wagon and railroad bridges, washed out between Badger and Lowell, are supposed to have gone through the channel over the farm land about half a mile above the dam. The large steel wagon bridge below the dam is almost completely gone and the bridge across the river just above the dam is in a weakened condition.

A telephone message from Lowell states that since daylight the stream has fallen 10 inches.

The eight-foot dam at Baxter Springs is completely covered with water.

It is believed that some of the Peacock Valley mines have collapsed and that at least one mill is sinking into the ground. This alone will cause a loss of several thousand dollars.

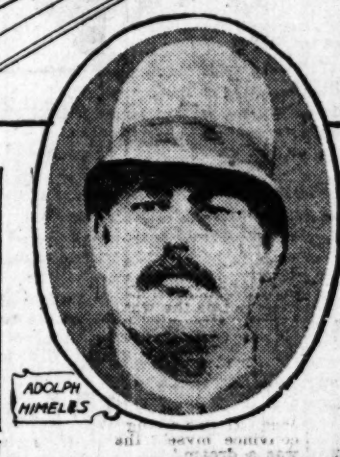
The monetary loss to the Badger and Peacock Valley operators will alone amount to \$25,000.

The river valley has been estimated at about half a million dollars.

It is said the high water of 1884 was almost as severe as this one has been.

The Summer Vacation.

All kinds of summer hotels and boarding houses, from the most luxurious to the more modest accommodations of farmhouse or village home, can be found at the hundreds of summer resorts in Wisconsin, Northern Michigan and Minnesota, reached by the Chicago & Northwestern Ry. Complete hotel lists with rates, etc., and full information as to train schedules, railway summer excursion rates and sleeping car accommodations on application to ticket office, No. 1000 Olive street. Telephone, Main 1000 and 1001.



## BOMB IS EXPLODED NEAR THE SULTAN

His Majesty Is Not Injured, but Several of Suite Are Killed.

FIRST ATTEMPT OF KIND

Windows of Diplomatic Pavilion Smashed and Persons Inside Hurt by Glass.

BRUSSELS, July 22.—A telegram from Constantinople says that during the Balkan there yesterday a bomb was exploded in the courtyard of the Mosque, close to the Sultan.

The report adds that His Majesty was not injured, but several members of his suite were killed or wounded. Several arrests were made.

The bomb which was intended to blow up the Sultan fell short and exploded about 30 yards from his Majesty. The latter was at the time on the top step of the flight leading from the mosque. A panic immediately seized the Sultan's entourage and the court dignitaries rushed up and implored Abdul-Hamid to remain in the mosque.

The Sultan, however, insisted on proceeding, and entered his carriage with a calmness not usually attributed to him, and, picking up the reins, drove himself to the Yildiz Palace amid the cheers of the admiring officials.

## Carriages Smashed.

The explosion was heard as far as the Pera quarter. Besides the soldiers in the vicinity several horses were killed, carriages were smashed into match-wood and the windows of the pavilion reserved for the diplomatic corps were broken.

The pavilion contained, among others, U. Grant Smith, second secretary of the American legation here, who was accompanied by Capt. Smiley of the United States army. No one was hurt in the pavilion, with the exception of a few attendants who received scratches from flying glass.

The force of the explosion also damaged the clock tower in the court yard of the Mosque.

Immediately after the Sultan had departed a detachment of cavalry charged down the street parallel with the Mosque, and from which the bomb was thrown, in hopes of finding the author of the attempt, who, however, has not been discovered. The high explosion occurred at 1 p. m., the fact that his Majesty's life had been in danger did not become widely known until night, when it aroused widespread excitement.

## SALOON SIGNS ARE PUNS ON FOLK

"We Are Going Out of Business," Says One, Intended as Joke.

"PLEASE DON'T LAUGH"

Wits Would Have It Believed That Governor Is Back of These Orders.

"We're going out of business soon."

—By Order of Folk.

This sign is one of many that may be found in saloons of St. Louis since the order of the Police Commissioners declaring that saloons must cease to be places of amusement went into effect. Such signs began to appear in dramshops possessed of facetious bartenders Friday night, and the humor of the idea spread until many places had such mural decorations.

By the order of the Police Commissioners, acting under orders of Gov. Folk, the playing of cards, throwing of dice, giving of free concerts, dancing or any other form of entertainment, excepting that of drinking to your friend's health, is tabooed.

The saloonists do not like it at all. The card signs are intended, in many cases, to convey bitter sarcasm. Witness this:

"You cannot euche your neighbors here."

—By Order of Folk.

Or this, somewhat more crude one:

"Please do not smile. This is a Law-Abiding Place—By Order of Folk."

The Police Commissioners have given instructions and Chief of Police Kelly has given orders. So it is expected that saloons in St. Louis will be saloons, simply that and nothing more.

Change of Schedule.

Illinois Central "New Orleans Special" on and after July 22 will leave St. Louis Union Station at 2:15 noon instead of 2:30 noon.

## NEW POEM BY KIPLING.

"The Pro Consul's" Eulogizes Work of Lord Milner.

LONDON, July 22.—The Times this morning publishes a new poem by Rudyard Kipling, entitled, "Pro Consul's," devoted to an eulogy of the work of Lord Milner, the former British High Commissioner in South Africa. The following is a specimen verse:

They that dig foundations deep  
For realms to rise upon,  
Little honor do they reap  
Of their generation—  
And more than mountains gain  
Stature till we reach the plain.

Of their generation—

And more than mountains gain

Stature till we reach the plain.

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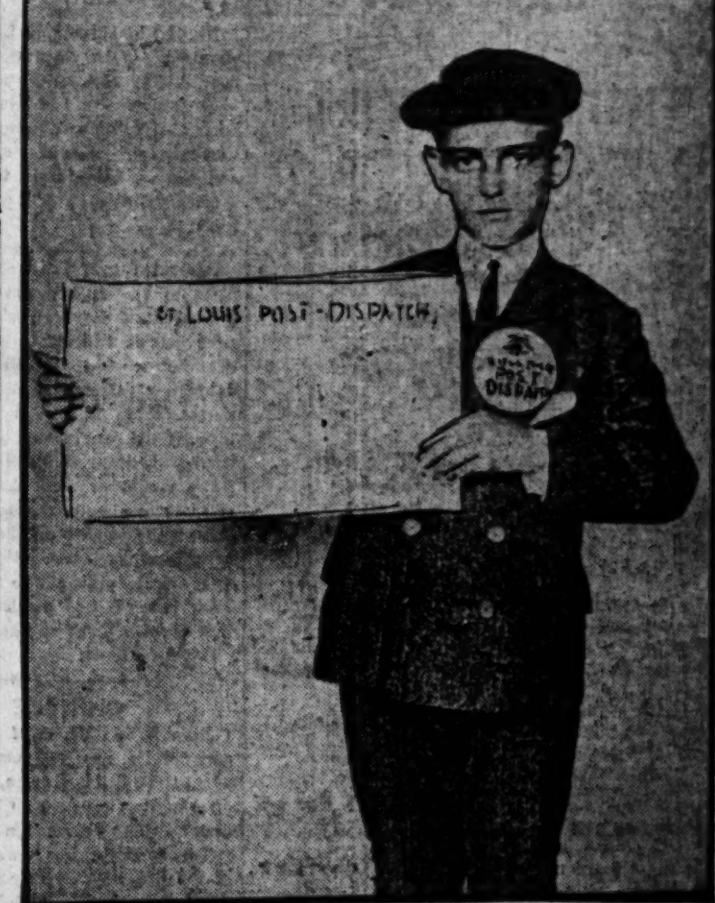
And more than mountains gain

Stature till we reach the plain.

Of their generation—

And more than mountains gain

Stature till we reach the plain.



HARRY WEISS, 2719 1/2 CASS AVENUE.

At the corner of Jefferson and Cass

avenues may be seen each day another

one of the progressive Post-Dispatch

newsboys who have made a record of

which he may be truly proud.

Harry Weiss, 12 years of age, supplies

hundreds of patrons of the Post-Dis-

patch with their favorite newspaper

every day.

He gets his supply of the Daily Post-

Dispatch at the Post-Dispatch Branch

of R. L. McCann, 2008 Cass avenue.

There are many hustling boys who go

forth from McCann's branch and Harry

Weiss is a good representative of the

company. All the boys like McCann

and while they know he can tell good

news stories, they also know that he

can teach them how to make money

selling the Post-Dispatch.

For instance—Harry Weiss earns \$12

a week from his sales. He started to

sell the paper when he was 9 years

old at Fourth street and Lucas avenue.

Later he went to McCann's branch and

has since been selling at his present

location.

Harry is in the fifth grade at the

Penrose School. He likes arithmetic

and grammar best and is thoroughly

convinced he will continue to be a Post-

Dispatch hustler until he is graduated



ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH.

Founded by JOSEPH PULITZER. Published by  
The Pulitzer Publishing Co., 210-212 N. Broadway.

"FIRST IN EVERYTHING"

25,000 More Post-Dispatches Sold  
in St. Louis every day than  
there are homes in  
the city.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION  
ENTIRE YEAR  
1934

Sunday - - - 225,837  
Daily - - - 148,833

Biggest West of the  
Mississippi

The only St. Louis Newspaper with the Associated  
Press day dispatches.

Immoral saloons may very well be closed every  
day of the week.

If we help China to get back Manchuria, that boy-  
cott may be quieted.

A Texas murderer forgot the name of the man he  
killed. Has conscience no memory for names?

Throwing the police out of a racetrack inclosure  
is a necessary part of a criminal gambling game.

NO COMPROMISE WITH CRIME.

The fact that damage suits aggregating \$800,000  
have been brought against the Post-Dispatch by  
racetrack men will not in the slightest degree af-  
fect the fight which this newspaper is conducting  
for the enforcement of the anti-gambling laws on the  
racetracks. This fight for the enforcement of the  
law is the logical conclusion of the fight for the re-  
peal of the breeders' law, and for the adoption of  
the law making racetrack gambling a felony. The  
fight will be fought to a finish until the law is en-  
forced, until the gamblers who are guilty of defiant  
lawlessness and all who are aiding and abetting  
them have been brought to justice.

The Post-Dispatch deliberately undertook the task  
of ridding Missouri of the racetrack gambling evil  
as a needed public service to the people of the State.  
We understood the difficulties of the task. We  
knew the character of the men with whom we had  
to deal and the wealth and powerful influences be-  
hind them and their vicious but profitable occupa-  
tion.

The monstrous evils and baneful effects of race-  
track gambling were fearlessly and thoroughly ex-  
posed. Public sentiment was so aroused against  
the vice that the Legislature was compelled to heed  
the demand of the people for the repeal of the  
breeders' law and the passage of a law prohibiting  
racetrack gambling.

The course of the gamblers at the Delmar race-  
track since the law went into effect has emphasized  
all that the Post-Dispatch said concerning the evil  
and concerning the men who fatten upon the ruin  
of their fellows. Instead of obeying the law, they  
are trampling upon it; instead of respecting the  
authority of the State, they defy it.

They have defied all the efforts of Gov. Folk and  
Attorney-General Hadley to enforce the law, and  
through their wealth and influence have blocked  
the local machinery of justice.

Racetrack gambling under the law is now a crime,  
and the men who engage in it are criminals. In  
dealing with crimes and criminals we do not mince  
words. We have not hesitated, without regard to  
risks, to expose and denounce the crimes and the  
criminals of the racetrack gambling den. We have  
not hesitated to denounce the county law officers  
whose dereliction of duty has made their defiant  
lawlessness possible. We have urged Gov. Folk to  
exhaust the legal resources of the State in the ef-  
fort to enforce the law. We have urged the peo-  
ple of St. Louis County to take effective steps to  
redeem their community from the reproach and men-  
ace of lawlessness.

There can be no compromise with lawlessness. The  
law must be enforced and the State's authority  
vindicated or the State will be given over to lawless-  
ness and crime. The Post-Dispatch is enlisted in  
this war upon criminal gambling until the war is  
over, until crime is suppressed and the criminals are  
punished. We shall not be deterred from the per-  
formance of this public duty by anything the gam-  
blers and their backers may do.

The citizen whose vestibule has so long been piled  
with advertising matter has a gleam of hope. The  
meeting of Missouri retailers at Hannibal resolved  
to advertise only in newspapers.

ST. LOUIS AS A SUMMER RESORT.

Every St. Louisian is convinced that we have the  
climate for a summer resort. While the rest of the  
country has suffered severely from summer heat, St.  
Louis had what the doctors call a light attack, and  
it was soon over. We may have other hot waves,  
but the average of our summer and fall weather is  
pleasant.

What St. Louis needs, and what would add per-  
manently to her population, is the development of  
the very picturesque and attractive country places  
within an hour's ride of the Courthouse. There  
is the Meramec; there is Gravois Lake; there is

Piasa Bluff and Montezano Springs, Spanish Lake  
and Horseshoe Lake, together with other spots on  
the Mississippi and in Illinois which might be includ-  
ed.

Instead of developing these beauty spots as they  
should be, we have permitted some of them to be  
degraded by cheap beer pavilions, and not one has  
been exploited in the interest of all classes of the  
community. There should be bathing pavilions,  
well-managed restaurants, good and cheap boats  
and canoes, flower beds, fountains and many other  
attractions that would prove profitable and help-  
ful.

After the first thrill of horror and grief at the  
news of the Bennington disaster, one question  
formed itself in every mind: How could it hap-  
pen? It is difficult to conceive of a cause which  
does not relate to the bad condition of a boiler or  
dangerous steam conditions in the boiler. Of  
course, there is always the chance of accident  
through the carelessness of one man. But the sys-  
tem of training, inspection and precaution in the  
Navy should make all chances of breakdown or ac-  
cident exceedingly remote. The death of all the  
men in the furnace and boiler room probably makes  
a satisfactory investigation impossible, but certainly  
the inquiry should be thorough. The American  
Navy is the last of which it should ever be said that  
it is its own greatest menace. Let that reputation  
rest with Russia.

CHINESE BOYCOTT.

John E. Wilkie, chief of the United States Se-  
cret Service, has just returned from China, and re-  
ports that, in his opinion, the contemplated boycott  
of American goods by Chinese merchants will not  
seriously affect American trade with China.

This is reassuring news, and the known qualities  
of the Chinese character make it probable that Mr.  
Wilkie's prediction will be realized. The Chinese  
man is a born trader. In spite of the fact that his  
country was closed for centuries, on its coast  
line, to trade with the "foreign devil," the internal  
trade between the Chinese provinces and with the  
neighboring countries overland has always been  
enormous. The Chinese merchant is a shrewd man  
at a bargain, and will not willingly permit any  
opportunity for profit to slip. It is not likely that  
the resolutions of a body of merchants at Shanghai  
and Hongkong will be effective in coercing the traders  
of the entire country to forego their profits on  
sentimental grounds.

Besides this, President Roosevelt's recent instruc-  
tions to consuls and immigration agents to avoid  
unnecessary friction in enforcing the exclusion laws  
will undoubtedly mollify the Chinese, as soon as it  
is seen that we are in earnest. The suggestion  
that thousands of Chinese laborers will be rushed  
into the United States surreptitiously as a result  
of those instructions is a false alarm. It will be  
time enough to adopt the necessary measures if  
the instructions are made an excuse for breaking the  
exclusion laws.

Forty-two cents a pound for beef in Berlin looks  
like a horse on German meat consumers. And the  
high price is caused by the keeping out of meat  
imports. Tariff and trade restrictions cause heavy  
hardships on the masses of the people.

TOO BAD FOR MASTER DUDLEY.

The reading of dime novels is said to have inspired  
young John W. Dudley to rob the bank at Waterloo,  
Ill. He held up the assistant cashier with a re-  
volver and secured \$475.

Unfortunately for Master Dudley—he is only 17  
years of age—a body of citizens overlooked him in a  
cornfield and made him give the money back.  
How exasperating! Four hundred and seventy-  
five dollars is not a bad investment for 10 cents  
and the price of a cheap revolver; but to go to all  
the trouble of holding up a man and then to be de-  
prived of the proceeds—why, it is outrageous!

Had young Mr. Dudley read the "current litera-  
ture" of the day, which costs on an average of \$1.25  
a volume, he might have obtained at least \$1000 for  
his afternoon's work.

Had he studied and acted upon the literature of  
certain of the get-rich-quick concerns in our midst  
he might have got a million.

Ignorance is a fearful thing.

Lady Angelsey, Lady Essex, Baron and Gwendolen  
Herbert, Lady Windsor, Baron and Baroness de  
Meyer, Lord Buchan, Lord Charles Beresford, Neville  
Lynton and Conan Edmond Lytton, now provost  
of Eton, have become vegetarians. What is to be-  
come of the "roast beef of old England?"

A Kansas girl has just been married on Pike's  
Peak. But even people who marry on mountain  
heights may pass into the valley of the shadow of  
divorce.

What's in a name? A married woman may re-  
tain her maiden name or her widow name.

IS AN OPEN-AIR LIFE HEALTHY?

Willard Helburn in Leslie's Monthly Magazine for  
August.

Compared to other forms, health insurance is in its  
infancy, and yet during its eight years of existence  
it has come to the conclusion and held on to it with  
dogged determination, that an "out-of-doors" life is  
not the most healthy. The health risk, according  
to its underwriters, varies with the accident risk. The  
man who leads an active, open-air life suffers more  
from illness than the man who stays quietly at home  
and takes care of himself. The freeman is as bad a  
health risk as he is an accident risk. The farmer, an  
excellent life risk, is a poor health risk. In the win-  
ter he loafs, in the summer he overworks. In the fall  
he breaks down and the insurance company sends  
its check.

AMERICAN "GULLIBILITY."

The same Canadian traveler made another remark,  
which bears out what I have often said. It was that  
the Americans, in spite of their reputed shrewdness,  
are the most easily gullible of any people on earth by  
those who know how to get at them.

THE IDEAL HUSBAND.

Lady St. Heller in Leisure Hour.  
The ideal husband should be a busy man and  
whose day is very full. Men are not happy with-  
out plenty of work; and a man who has no outlet  
for his energy elsewhere bestows it on his house-  
hold, with generally unfavorable results.

"TO CADGE."

From the Chicago Tribune.  
"To cadge" is "to sponge on or live upon another."  
The "cadger" may assume to be more respectable  
than the plain beggar, but the difference between  
them is barely perceptible.

JUST A MINUTE

Why?  
Now, all that Rockefeller wants  
is sympathy, we're told;  
It were more dear to him than all  
His hoarse cry sold.  
He craves it more than bandits crave  
Scalps, money or rich poets;  
He craves our sympathy because  
He has all else.

Yes, Mr. Rockefeller wants  
Our sympathy today.  
He needs it very much, though rich  
In every other way.  
He wants our sympathy, b' gum;  
Yes, and he wants a heap.  
We wonder—Does he want it just  
Because it's cheap?

Counting Ahead.

He is a well-known citizen and he used  
to drink.  
"I'm on the water wagon now," he  
had just announced.

"Since when?" asked a friend.  
"Well," he said, "on the 12th of Sep-  
tember it will be six months."  
"You remind me of the little darky,"  
was the answer. "It was during slavery  
days and his master had set him out to  
dig for moles in the garden. After a  
while his owner ran across the little  
coon and said, 'Well, 'Tastus, how many  
moles have you caught?'"

"Well, Massa," said the little coon,  
"who had been soldiering, 'when I ketches  
dis hyah one an' three mo' I'll have  
fo'."

A Little Story of St. Louis.

She was a pretty young thing, mod-  
est and polite.

He was middle-aged, intelligent  
enough and passable looking.  
She entered a street car and ac-  
cidentally kicked him on the ankle in  
sitting down.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she said. "I  
didn't intend to kick you."  
"Never mind," he replied. "I am  
used to it."

Query: Married or single?

A Summer Joy.

What care I if days are torrid,  
Perspiration on my forehead,  
And with heat I am so limber I can only  
barely stand.

If, like diving in a crater,  
From the deep refrigerator  
I can rise up with a piece of watermelon  
in my hand?

Rockefeller has lost his hair; Sen-  
ator Clark has lost part of his head;  
Chauncey Depew has lost his reputation;  
Jimmie Hyde has lost his job;  
Senator Mitchell has lost his case; Bill  
Taft has lost his stand-in and Tom Law-  
son has lost his patience. Pity the poor  
rich!

One author describes a "kiss" as "some-  
thing made of nothing." There is nothing  
in this definition.

A man usually has "a good deal on  
his hands" when he is repairing an auto-  
mobile.

LETTERS FROM  
THE PEOPLE

More Park Benches.  
To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:  
There seems to be a scarcity of  
benches in Tower Grove Park, and  
have heard visitors making the same  
remark, which is very badly con-  
sidering the fact that St. Louis and also  
the hospitality of St. Louis, and also  
drawback on the park. From King's  
highway to the center of the city, there  
is without a bench on either side.  
LOVER OF NATURE.

Relief From Chafing.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:  
In answer to F. A. K.'s pre-  
vent chafing of the skin, rather  
the garment next the skin close up and  
stitch it to the belt of the shirt. This  
take place between the two cloths in-  
stead of the two skins. If you do this  
you can work or walk on the hottest  
days and not be chafed. The same ap-  
plies to babies, who then can wiggle all  
day without further care. W. D. D.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:  
In answer to F. A. K.'s remedy for  
chafing under arms: Take laundry  
starch, make paste, mix with water,  
water, and apply to chafed part. One  
or two applications will be sufficient.  
It relieved me. T. F. D.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:  
Carrying a small piece of alum in pis-  
tol pocket for a few weeks will stop  
all colds and prevent chafing in the  
lower parts, so I presume carried in a  
bag suspended from the neck will have  
the same effect on the arms. This is  
a recipe used by professional runners  
and athletes and cured the writer. X.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:  
Replying to F. A. K.'s letter in  
Thursday's Post-Dispatch, will say if  
he will follow my advice he will be  
said for the rest of the summer. Take  
cold water and ivory soap, wash  
thoroughly, but not too often. Use a  
dry with clean cloth; apply mutton suet.  
Do this before retiring. If the trouble  
is not cured, return next summer ap-  
ply the same treatment. BEEN THERE.

Battery A's Boom.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:  
It seems to me that Battery A is fair-  
ly booming. It now has a publication.  
Shoo! Get out of the way!  
For I belong to Battery A!  
BANGS.

Poverty Marriages.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:  
In this limited space it would be im-  
possible to discuss with intelligence  
such a subject as poverty marriages,  
but if "A Poor Man's Wife" should  
write to the Post-Dispatch, Huxley  
and Brehm on the question as to  
the "laws of God and man," and if  
Letter writer signed "A" inquires if  
any man is able to prove that he can  
support a wife decently.

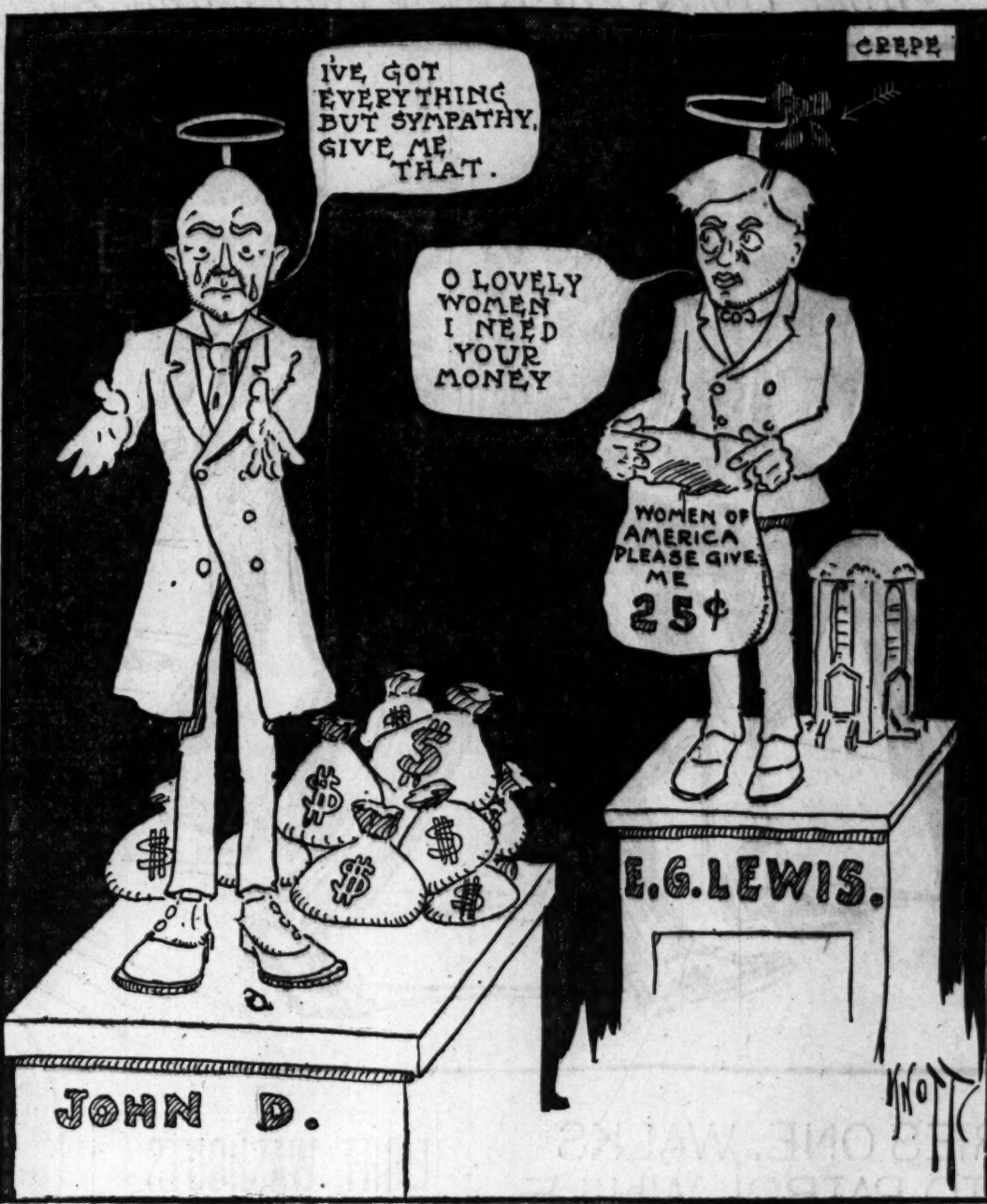
If not, why not? What manner of  
man is he that does not know to a cer-  
tain extent how much he is able to ac-  
complish?

What kind of an idea can "A" would-  
be member of the million publication?  
The story of love is told in our  
if this writer by chance found a whole  
bill would he buy the Platters Ho-  
tel or the City Hall?

A family of six children, with nothing  
but a B-A-W-E income has too strong  
a flavor of chafing.  
But on the other hand such a salary,  
a third-story house in some tem-  
perament and a life of poverty might be  
the height of some men's ambition.  
The story of love is told in our  
low-covered literature is a beautiful  
dreamer awakes and discovers that  
it isn't good to eat. BOCK BAKER.

THEY YEARN FOR SYMPATHY

Post-Dispatch Living Picture No. Six



"Sympathy—that's what Mr. Rockefeller wants; it's what  
he yearns for day after day."—David E. Howat, the su-  
perintendent of John D. Rockefeller's grounds at Forest  
Hills, Cleveland, O.

"I want every reader of the Woman's Magazine to send  
at once 25 cents. With two million women of America be-  
hind me, I do not fear any power."—E. G. Lewis.

WHY

DON'T they dig a pond in the Belle-  
ville public square for the ducks  
which spend their time there? It  
is a long walk to the creek.

DOES Excise Commissioner Mulvihill  
worry about his salary and his  
office expenses? Is not Mr.  
Mulvihill in public office? And is not  
public office a public trust? One who  
takes care of the public trust ought to  
be trusted by the public in return. If  
the worst comes Mr. Mulvihill might  
make a raise on his famous lid.

IS it that a woman can appear on  
the street with so little between her  
and the general public that the most  
obscure can see through it, while a man  
must conceal himself almost as much  
as in midwinter? If a man appeared  
in public in an open work shirt, with  
his bearded breast and his sharp shoul-  
der blades showing through, a police-  
man would cover him with a tarpaulin  
and have him hauled to the Four  
Courts.

ARE politicians so much more sub-  
ject to accidents than plain citi-  
zens? Nothing is ever the re-  
sult of design with a politician, and  
nothing comes to pass except through  
a casualty. A meeting of politicians is  
always an accidental meeting. They  
have so many accidents that it is a  
wonder they live so long.

DOES Fire Chief Swingley carry a  
"honk" on his official auto like  
a "honk" on a gonk? Does he think  
that people are more afraid of being  
run down by an automobile than by  
fire apparatus? The Chief's honk  
honked itself hoarse trying to blase a  
way through the crowd at Sixth and  
Locust streets yesterday, but they fell  
over themselves at the sound of a  
gonk.

DOES a sane woman talk insane  
baby talk to a presumably sane  
infant which is getting its first  
impressions about spoken languages?  
A woman on a suburban train talked  
that sort of drivell to her defenseless  
offspring for an hour yesterday, to  
the evident discomfort of the child,  
whose infrequent rejoinders were in very  
fair English, albeit tinged with a cer-  
tain tone of hopelessness on account  
of the misguided course of the mother.  
Fables who hear other people talk ra-  
tionally and naturally must feel com-  
pensation for their mothers, who do  
not.

In the Woods.

O, out in the woods,  
Where the breeze sighs low,  
There are lovers' walks  
Where the lovers go;  
O, out in the woods  
There is rare delight  
Though the weeds redbugs  
And the woodticks bite.

O, out in the woods  
There are tales to tell  
To the maid, by the youth  
Who loves her well;  
They can hear the sighs  
Of the perfumed wind,  
And can cure the blues  
With a bigon stick.

ILLUSTRATED SAYINGS



LATEST BOOKS

For Students of Religion.

Christianity as an original religion, in  
contrast with all previous and existing  
religions, is the theme of "The Church  
of Christ." The author insists that the  
complete unity of the church, in creed  
and organization, as it was in the be-  
ginning, is, according to Christ's own  
words, essential to its complete and final  
triumph in the world. The book is is-  
sued anonymously, but the author is  
said to be "a distinguished layman, a  
man of decided convictions, and of wide  
commercial, political and religious ex-  
perience." Published by the Funk &  
Wagnalls Co., New York; 326 pages; \$1  
net.

Kipling's New Story.

Rudyard Kipling has not been of late  
a frequent contributor to magazines.  
The August Century will contain a  
story by him, a tale of Americans in  
England called "An Habitation En-  
forced."

Leslie's Changes Its Name.

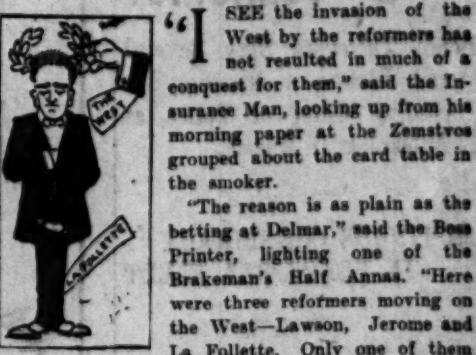
The publishers of Leslie's Monthly,  
one of the most entertaining of present-  
day magazines, announce that beginning  
with September they will drop the old  
Leslie name and call their publication  
the American Illustrated Magazine.  
The change is partly due to the con-  
fusion arising from other publications  
associated with the name of Leslie.  
Leslie's was founded 30 years ago by  
Frank Leslie, whose real name was  
Henry Carter, an Englishman by birth,  
and frequently considered the founder  
of illustrated publications in the United  
States. He died in 1880 and the control  
of the magazine passed to his widow,  
who subsequently disposed of it to its  
present owners.

Farmers Like Automobiles.

David H. Morris develops some new  
ideas in regard to automobiles in his in-  
troduction to "The Book of the Auto-  
mobile," by Robert T. Sloan, which was  
published by D. Appleton & Co. last  
month. He writes:  
"Strange to say, the staunch ad-  
vocate of the automobile today is the  
farmer. He has appreciated much more  
quickly than the city man the advan-  
tages of the machine, probably because  
these advantages appeal to him in a pe-  
culiar way. He has been taken out of  
an otherwise enforced loneliness; farms  
which have heretofore been inaccessible,  
both for their occupants and for their  
products, have, by the introduction of  
the automobile, overcome space and  
found new and near neighbors. Where  
it took a farmer all day to drive his  
horse to market, sell his goods and re-  
turn home, he can now do it in a morn-  
ing, besides carrying twice the load he  
did before. He likewise appreciates that  
in addition to their larger radius, auto-  
mobiles have the further advantage of  
requiring neither to be fed nor cooled off,  
expensive and time-consuming pro-  
cesses."

THE SUBURBAN TRAIN

The Triumph of a Man  
Who Was Wise to  
His Audience.



"I SEE the invasion of the  
West by the reformers has  
not resulted in much of a  
conquest for them," said the In-  
surance Man, looking up from his  
morning paper at the Zematras  
grouped about the card table in  
the smoker.

"The reason is as plain as the  
betting at Delmar," said the Bee  
Printer, lighting one of the  
Brakeman's Half Annas. "Here  
were three reformers moving on  
the West—Lawson, Jerome and  
La Follette. Only one of them

understood the West—La Follette. Lawson and Je-  
rome were tenderfeet. They came out here  
from Boston and New York, the two most  
concoited cities in America. They divided  
their heads into two compartments. One was  
filled with notions of their own importance, the  
other with the silly belief that the West is provin-  
cial. They came out here with their chests bulging  
like the brow of Plato, and banged away like a  
couple of tin cannon loaded with insect powder and  
moth balls. They let us in on the ground floor of  
their great wisdom with an air of bombastic con-  
descension. They bent over us in the fashion of ex-  
perienced, kind-faced old fathers giving of their  
great wisdom to little children. They enveloped us  
in a rhetorical hiatus. They left so much hot air  
in their wake that we were immediately visited by  
a hot wave.

"Only La Follette emerged from the invasion  
bigger and broader man. Jerome is dead in the  
West, and Lawson couldn't play a return date to  
expenses. When La Follette faced his Western au-  
dience he took its mental measure, tucked his reform-  
er's platitudes under his coat tail and addressed the  
West upon 'Hamlet as a Metaphysician.' He did not  
attempt to drag those classical and highly cultivated  
minds down into the dirty alley where reformers  
seek to better the hygiene of our national morals;  
but steered straightaway for that broad metaphysics  
where the mind unfurls the white sails of fancy and  
scuds hither, thither over those limpid, lovely seas  
which wash the shores of the unknown. The West  
followed La Follette. Mentally hand in hand they  
traversed those higher and purer realms of thought  
which are far from the mean actualities of life. While  
La Follette was exhibiting the beautiful avenues of  
imagery, and his audience was sniffing their per-  
fumes, Lawson was offering the stench of Wall  
street at its rottenest and Jerome was bidding us  
spend Sunday in the maledorous saloon, with its  
beer-sprinkled floor and its air so muggy and sticky  
that the flies swim around in it, taking refuge upon  
such bald heads and faces as they find in the flood.

"The result was inevitable! Jerome and Lawson,  
who thought the West provincial and childish, are  
dead forever west of the Mississippi, while La Fol-  
lette, who appreciated the West as an esthetic and  
educated community, has thrown the boundary line  
of his greatness as far West as the Rockies."

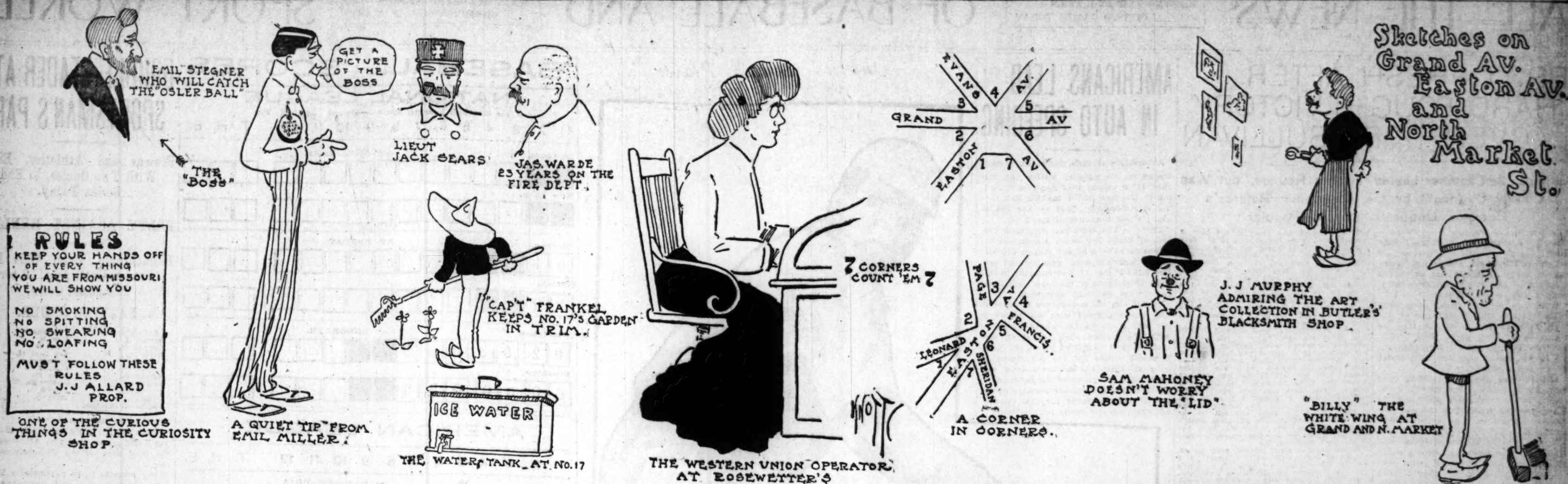
"St. Louis!" shouted the Brakeman.

ANSWERS  
TO POST-DISPATCH  
READERS

RULES—One question; one initial. No business addresses  
given. No hints. Only simple legal questions. Address  
"Answers," Post-Dispatch, postal card if convenient.

J. O. C.—King Edward is at  
C. P. C.—Garage, automobile storage.  
J. Hester—mechanic employs firm.  
B. C.—Hottest day, 100, July 22.  
I. T.—Consul at Managua, C. Demidoff.  
B. B.—Books, bonbons or flowers for girl.  
J. D. G.—Ask in Commonwealth Trust Building.  
KRM/MEL—First train to Pacific, Mo., July 19.  
YUM YUM—See New York Directory, Public In-  
quiry.  
A. H.—Last total eclipse seen in United States,  
Aug. 7, 1880.  
J. G. D.—Write Commissioner W. F. Roberts, 207  
Locust street.  
F.—Exercise, careful diet and pure olive oil will  
help to round your sunken cheeks. Take the oil on  
your food.  
A. B.—Letters from two reputable physicians are  
sufficient for identification. County Registrar's of-  
fice, accompanying medical diploma.  
L. H. M.—Largest ocean steamer (freight and pas-  
senger), Baltic, 72 feet long, 100 feet wide, 20  
feet deep, is to be launched this year.  
SLOW—Write, "We regret to see that you have  
neglected your medical attention to our magazine. What  
can we do to make it more attractive to you?"  
MRS. ANDREWS—The minor World's Fair contest  
prizes for the best letter to the editor are now being  
determined. This reached the nite in the cracks.  
H. L.—James E. Bennett, originator of the funny  
cocktail, gives us this formula: Mix 1 glass of  
ice; half glass whiskey, half glass port wine, four  
dashes orange bitters; stir well and strain into  
cocktail glass frosted with sugar; add cherry and serve.  
THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL—In accordance  
with decision of the Court of Criminal Correction,  
no permits are now issued to children under 14 years  
of age to work in factories. No one is authorized to  
issue them.  
F. W. L.—You could organize an anti-cigarette  
club by interesting the boys in it in some way. Have  
a place of meeting and make the place attractive by  
games, flag drills or contests, or otherwise. Get  
books and teach them the effect of tobacco upon  
young people.  
JOE ME—To straighten curly hair: Eight ounces  
best suet, 1 ounce each yellow wax and castor oil, 1  
gramme benzoic acid, 1/2 gram oil of lemon, 1 drop  
of camphor. Mix the wax and suet over a slow heat,  
add the castor oil and when a little cool, the other  
ingredients, and apply to the hair as any other  
pomade.  
KATIE—A family got rid of flies by tearing up  
their carpets and throwing them out on the street,  
pouring salt upon the pile of boiling water on the  
floor. The man who was the cause of the trouble  
was beginning at the front, they started back  
through the house with brooms, sweeping the water  
down the stairs. This reached the nite in the cracks.  
Repeat three or four times in course of a week.  
OLD READER—Parrot feeding: Every morning,  
coffee water and sugar, with bread soaked in  
it, removing remains in about three hours; at 4 or 5  
p. m., sunflower seed, with a very little hemp seed,  
two or three times in two weeks; a second course  
month in winter; a cherry in season twice a week;  
cooked corn on cob in season, with salt, once a  
week in place of seeds; sweet potato, six times a  
year in place of seed.  
INFORMATION WANTED—If you have paid the  
money borrowed and are used for it, state the facts  
in court and you will doubtless be believed. A re-  
ceipt would be helpful, but as you have none, rely on  
your word and the court will doubtless do the same.  
In Missouri a married man living with his family has  
a right to sue for the tort of adultery as a person  
above mortgages thereon. You cannot be sued in  
Illinois, as service cannot be had on you in the State.  
F. W. A.—Water expands on freezing, so elements  
of its volume. Ice becomes water on melting, and  
so contracts to the form of water.





## At the Dawn.

A history of seven hours told  
in seven chapters,  
By IVAN WHIN.

### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

"Madame Hinton" is a fortune teller. She was the wife of Gene Cere, who permitted Lucian Erskine to take her and her child, Lora, from him. Erskine loses his money and becomes a gambler, and Cere is his captor. Erskine kills a man, Leitch, and is forced to fly. He returns 20 years later. Jim Lofus, a variety performer, induces a young girl, Hazel, to elope with him by promises of a brilliant theatrical future. Her disillusionment is complete the night "Madame Hinton" celebrates the getting of \$1000 for a charm from a credulous customer, and she resolves to quit her husband and the meretricious life they are leading. Lucian Erskine, bigger, grimmer, more brutalized, visits the Madame, who does not at first recognize him. He knocks her

down and while she is unconscious Hazel steals the \$1000 and clambles bag suspended from the Madame's neck. The fortune teller sends Gene Cere, who has become a man of all work and pensioner of her, after Lora, to whom she tells the above facts in her history for the first time. While they are talking, Mazal, a negro woman descendant of Cere slaves, and Lora's first nurse, enters. She has come for Cere to take care of him, having sold some Southern pine lands at great profit. He cannot be found. She begs Lora to go with her. Lofus discovers the absence of his wife and rushes out in search of her. A man steps into the house as he goes out. Lora leaves with Mazal and the man, who is a mysterious lodger in the house, creeps into the room and blinds the fortune teller. He recognizes him as one of her victims. He takes her diamonds and, enraged at finding no money, he throws her face down upon the carpet, raged and bound, leaves her and goes to his room on the third floor, where he goes to sleep. Time, 2 a. m.

she approached and disclosed a young colored girl.

"Lord, I'm glad you're back," she said. The telephone has been ringing and men been coming till you wouldn't think we was respectable."

"What men?"

"I don't know ma'am. There was one great big ugly man, look like he was a miner or use-to-be policeman or something like that. He been here three times. Then that little old gray-haired man and then some men that look like detectives and Mr. Lewishohn ring up half a dozen times. Ain't he mad, though?"

Lora stared at the girl a moment, thinking hard.

"Put out the lights," she said "and take the telephone receiver off the hook. Then come up-stairs. I need you. Come Mazal."

With the assistance of the colored women, who drew two great trunks from a closet, she packed all her beautiful clothes, picking and choosing what to take and all the time deeply absorbed in the task. She placed all of her jewelry in a handsatchel and packed a traveling bag herself with immediate necessities.

The task was a long one, although they worked feverishly and with only the needful amount of talk. When in was nearly complete Lora went to the telephone. She restored the receiver to the hook and waited a moment. Then she took it off and asked for a messenger service office.

"I want a carriage and an express

wagon to take two heavy trunks to the station," she said.

There was some doubt about getting the express wagon, but presently she was assured that the wagon would reach the house in an hour.

Then she went to her room, took off her clothes and bathed.

"You had better get a little sleep," she said to the maid and Mazal. "I want you both to go with me on a trip. We leave at 6 o'clock."

The dark faces were gray with fatigue and the maid gladly retired, but Mazal would not leave her honey.

Lora lay down and Mazal sought a couch in the same room.

The doorbell rang loudly, but Lora forbade the maid to open it, and in spite of continued ringing she calmly composed herself to sleep.

Mazal lay wide awake, incapable of slumber.

Her quick ears caught a sound below stairs of someone trying to raise a window.

She crossed the room and awakened Lora from her dose.

"Someone barking into the house," she whispered.

Lora had lain the pretty revolver given her by the Madame upon the dresser. She got it now and went fearlessly downstairs.

A window pane cracked sharply and almost immediately they heard a sash raised.

"In the dining room," Lora whispered. Mazal had bought matches and she struck one now lighting a burner of the heavy chandelier in the hall.

Lora ran to the dining room door and flung it back.

"What you doing here?" she cried to a man whose figure was silhouetted against the open window.

In a glance he saw the girl and the revolver, for the hall light was behind and above her.

"Hold on, pretty," he said, "don't shoot. I won't hurt you."

"Get out," she said firmly.

Mazal slipped past Lora and lighted a side bracket jet that threw its illumination upon the man, Lucian Erskine.

The negro woman cried his name and the revolver trembled in Lora's hand, but she gave no other sign of fear.

"What do you want?" she said.

"Well, my pretty, I guess I want you," he said lightly.

There was a hard smile on his ugly face, but his eyes were steady and threatening.

"You have no right here. Go."

"No right in my daughter's house?"

"I'm not your daughter. I suppose I should thank God for that, and would if I could forget whose daughter I am."

"Who's been telling you lies?"

"No one tell her lies," screamed Mazal. "I her mammy and I know she got none of your white trash cloud in her veins. She Gene Cere's baby, born before you steal his wife, Miss May Pinckney, away from him. You steal the baby, too. You make her use her pretty ways and her old-fashion talk to fool men you want to rob, and they love the child and don't jail you like they ought for robbing them. You go back to the jail where your home is and let my baby alone."

"Shall I call the police," asked Lora coldly, "or will you go?"

"Come, child," he said. "Don't be a fool. You wouldn't want the row my arrest would cause you. If I'm arrested now I'll talk a lot, and it might be unpleasant for you and Lewishohn."

"Blackmailer."

He cringed as if struck a physical blow. His face grew more evil and for a moment he could not speak.

"You're right," he said with a ghost of a laugh. "But I've got the goods. I have traced you from the day I was forced to leave St. Louis. I know everything you have done and I know all about your relations with Lewishohn, and I know all about him. Now it wouldn't be wise for you to shoot or call the police. You've got to make terms with me."

"Mazal," said Lora, calmly, "can you use a telephone?"

"No, honey. I ain't ever done it."

"Then call him and tell her to call the police and tell them there is a burglar and an escaped murderer here."

She had been holding the revolver high and in a strained position. She lowered it now, although keeping a steady eye on Erskine.

He laughed his old hard laugh and sank into a chair.

"Your mother over again," he said. "In fact, you're finer than she ever was, and she's lost her nerve. I called on her tonight and nearly scared her into a fit."

Very gradually, using his feet alternately, he was edging the chair toward

her, keeping up a stream of reminiscence of Lora's childhood.

"You always were a beauty, and a brainy one, too. The boys used to try to jolly you, but you were on to them and you made them treat you with respect when you were only a tiny tot. My, my, don't I remember how you used to deal fare and keep cases almost as good as the lookout. You couldn't have been 8 years old. And the fellows just crowding around to bet and try to confuse you."

They heard the sound of hurrying feet and women's excited voices in the hall and the slight tinkle of the telephone bell when the receiver was lifted off the hook.

Erskine leaped to his feet toward Lora. She scarcely raised her arm, but fired.

He spun half way round to the right, spitting out an oath of rage.

"Look out," she said. "I have eight more bullets in the magazine."

His right arm hung helpless and blood gushed from a wound in his shoulder. His big form drooped in pain.

"Let me get away," he said. "The fight's out of me. I won't hurt you. Only let me get away."

"Sallee!" Lora called. "Open the front door."

When she heard it unbarred she commanded him to move. He went slowly out of the diningroom and up the hall.

Lora followed with the revolver ready.

A trail of dripping blood marked his way up the hall and down the stone steps.

"At the bottom he paused."

"I haven't any money," he said. "Won't you give me a stake?"

She drew a purse from her bosom and handed it to Mazal.

"Get out a fifty," she said, and when Mazal handed her the money Lora went down the steps and put it into his hand.

He moved painfully away.

"Did you call the police?" Lora asked.

"No m'. You all shot just as I was going to."

"Well, don't."

At that moment the express wagon arrived. The trunks were lifted in and checked to the Union Station.

Lora went to her room and gowned for a journey.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow, Sunday.)

What Is Wrong With This Picture?

"What Sort of Future?"

"Shouldn't think you'd like being cooped up in a cage like that," remarked the friend of the paying teller.

"O, I don't mind," was the reply. "It's good training for the future."

Then the friend looked queer, and the paying teller turned red and disappeared behind the ledger—Houston Chronicle.

Missing a Kiss.

Helen: And is Harry Cauliflower really such a slow young man?

Ethel: Slow? Why, if he takes a girl on a railroad excursion she has to tell him every time they come to a tunnel—Chicago News.

White Winged Peace

Your stomach was Russian

Your diet was a Jap

Then came a "scrap"

Red hot ammunition

Beef — chicken — beer —

high-balls

General rout of enemy

Heavy loss—nerves taken

prisoner

Red Raven

is the Peace Commissioner

for internal troubles

It brings white-winged

peace to stomachs that

have been warred against

For sale everywhere. Price 15c

### SICK HEADACHE

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dizziness, Indigestion, and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, B. & T. Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

GENUINE MUST BEAR FAN-SIMILE SIGNATURE

Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price.

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